DragonQuest - Part 2

by Dragonice

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DragonQuestPart 2By Cferra and Dragonice

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**NOTE: THIS IS PART TWO OF THE STORY, BUT I (DRAGONICE) DID NOT WRITE IT. IT IS WRITEN BY MY FRIEND CFERRA. PLEASE FEEL FREE TO GIVE ME ANY COMMENTS YOU HAVE ON IT AND I WILL MAKE SURE HE READS THEM. THANK YOU! ^_^**

"This island is known for its riddles and I can only thing of one right now" Mike muttered as he climbed into the caves of the Cinnabar Island volcano. "Little do the people of the island know that its greatest riddles could lead to great discoveries"

As Mike climbed he thought about how he came to be alone on Cinnabar Island searching for the rare and elusive mutant pokÃ©mon known as Charmelizard. He was only with the GenX Research Team a short while before their "fearless leader" Craig sent various groups to find the three legendary dragons. He only hoped that his friend Shannon was having better luck finding the golden Boltryu and his best friend Craig in finding Dragonice.

"If we find the dragons, GenX will be known all over the world as the team that found and united all three powerful pokÃ©mon" Mike sighed as he recalled his leader Craig's last words to him before leaving for Cinnabar. "Its too bad the others on my group never wanted to come in here."

Mike finally stopped climbing and was deep inside the caves and saw

nesting zubat overhead and turnedon his cell phone to contact his
group outside.

"Hey, you four guys coming?"Mike asked. "Its not that bad a climb and
you just have to worry about a zubat or two...or
three"

"Nahh..i...uh...we...wanna stay here. Yeah, that's it....staying here
is good. Going in is BAD!" a frantic young man replied.

"This is just like the training excercises back at HQ. We trained for
this for months! I can't have you wimp out on me!" Mike snarled and
just by chance, the cave he was in shook. "Look, you want to stay out
there fine. Just try to maintain constant communications."

After cursing under his breath and putting the phone away, Mike
walked deeper into the caves which had its usual sound of zubat,
golbat and crobat screeching. He wondered if there was any way he
could find the pokémon he was after. Legends spoke of a mutant
pokémon that was unlike anything the world had ever seen.
Charmelizard was said to be a genetic twist of fate where a baby
charmander would take on characteristics of its evolutions and only
occurred once out of every million charmander births making it even
rarer than Mew.

If a pokémon like that ever got into Team Rocket's hands then the
mutant would more than likely be subjected to tests upon tests. Mike
shrieked in horror as he realized that if they found more of that
pokémon, the mutant gene could be extracted and used in other
pokémon created a race of mutants. Craig once told him that kind of
thinking belongs in a comic book but Mike knew better.

"Hmm. its getting a bit darker in this cave. I better call out
Charizard." Mike exclaimed as a murky darkness enveloped the cave he
was in.

"Charr!!" Charizard roared as the winged reptile emerged from its
pokéball.

"Easy there girl, we don't want a cave in" Mike smiled as he patted
his first pokémon.

Mike climbed onto Charizard's back since he was tired from all
theexcercise he went through. His brown hair was drenched in sweat
and no doubt he smelt like he ran from Tanba City to Lavender Town.
His muscles felt like they were going to burst at any moment. He was
not used to this much physical labor no matter how hard he trained.
Mike still had to admit, it was better than any cushy desk
job.

Without warning several points of light appeared in front of Mike and
Charizard. He approached carefully as Charizard showed him the way.
What he saw was a canyon filled with charmander, charmeleon and an
elder charizard resting on a rock. People had assumed the wild
charizard lived in tribal units ruled by the eldest male.

Carefully, Mike walked down to the group for closer observation. The
group of pokémon were enraged that a human had seen their sanctuary
and began to roar frantically. Mike's Charizard saw the commotion and
flew to his aid and tried to reason with the elder charizard leading

the attack.

"That's right Char! you tell 'em!" Mike thought.

The two Charizards looked at each other for a long time and Mike's Charizard nudged him into a nursery where baby Charmanders were hatched and nutured until they were ready to leave the nest. Not a single human had seen a nursery but it was thought that charizards were both the fierce pokémon and gentle creatures.

One nest had an odd colored Charmander and Mike went to it to investigate. It was dark red, almost crimson red where it should have been orange. Mike moved some grass and roots away and saw Charizard wings and a crest of a Charmeleon but its size was that of a normal charmander. The legends spoke of a pokémon that was larger and at least the size of a fully grown Charizard.

"So little one, you are the one I am after?" Mike asked as he picked up the chirping baby.

"My best guess child is that you are looking for such a creature!" a strange voice exclaimed.

"Who are you?!" Mike shouted as he held charmelizard close.

"My name is of no consequence youngling" smirked an old man in a robe that mysteriously appeared behind Mike. "All you need to know is that I am a savior."

* * *

> <p> Meanwhile, half a continent away in Crimson City a young raven haired girl wiped sweat from her forehead. She had been searching for Boltryu for days and found nothing. She was at an outside dining establishment sipping a coke while pondering her next move. Her team all but abandoned her. She didn't need them. As far as she was concerned they were all getting in the way of things.<p>

"I wonder if Craig or Mike had any luck finding the dragons. It's hard even to find the legendary birds. Let alone three dragons of immesurable power." Shannon spoke as she talked into her tape recorder.

As Shannon pondered her next move a strange man in a trenchcoat approached her and sat in front of her.

"Lissen 'ere gel, I've heard through the grapevine that ye're lookin' t find Boltyru." the irsih man smiled. "Mebbe I can help ye Miss.."

"Shannon."Shannon interupted. "Shannon Atkinson, and you are?"

"Me name's Sean O'Clare" Sean replied as he kissed her hand. "I believe I cin help ye wit yuir problem"

Shannon blushed. "Well, Mister O'Clare. You seem to be a nice gentleman. What makes you think you can help me find Boltryu or if I am even looking for it."

"Ye dinnae have t'be so formal. I'm just as old as ye. Sean'll do

nicely. I jus' heard ye were lookin' fer boltryu from some o' yer associates and I figgured I'd help such a beautifal lass." Sean winked. "That is if ye'll let me. M' speciality is 'lectric pokémon y' know."

"Really?!" Shannon smiled sarcastically. "I have a few electric pokémon myself. I specialize in them. I am after Boltryu for a personal reason."

"Ahh an' what might that be?" Sean placed his elbows on the table and inched closer to Shannon, making her very uncomfortable.

"Achem...that Mister O'Clare is classified information." Shannon grumbled as she rose out of her chair.

Shannon did not want Sean or anyone know the real reason she wanted Boltryu for herself. She adores all electric pokémon and wanted boltryu because as a young girl she saw what looked like a boltryu clawing at her bedroom window.It was just a baby and no bigger than a Pichu. It was a clear night and it scratched at the window until something shot at it and it flew away. On that day she swore she would find the pokémon she saw and maybe find the person who shot its wing.

"C'mon lass...what have ye got t'lose?" Sean smirked.

"How about my dignity? I'd rather kiss a Grimer on the lips than have you help!"Shannon yelled as she smacked Sean for trying to get to close.

As Shannon stormed off, she realized that O'Clare guy was just trying to help. She couldn't help but hit him. It wasn't a known fact that Shannon had always preferred her pokémon over people. She saw Sean through the corner of her eye and as she twirled around to face him, her blonde hair whiplashed behind her.

"So, now you're following me? What word of stalker don't you inderstand?" Shannon's eyes grew cold with hatred.

"Ease off! I jus' wanted t'show ye something." Sean grumbled as he handed Shannon pictures.

"Th-These are pictures of Boltryu!" Shannon stammered as she looked at the clear pictures of a small dragon with hands on its wings, short tail and a starshape pattern on its forehead.

"Yeah an' if'n ye be wantin' more just let me help ye find the wee dragon" Sean sighed.

She thought for a moment about letting some stranger joining her in finding the third legendary dragon. She hoped that whatever happens she finds one and manages to keep it all to herself.

"Alright...I suppose you can lead me to the place where you took the pictures. But, if you cross me once I will haul your butt to the police!" Shannon ordered.

"Okay, ye win." Sean sighed. "I know if 'n when I'm licked."

"Good, now that your hormones are in check lets go find Boltryu!" exclaimed Shannon.

Reluctantly, Shannon followed Sean to where he had taken the picture of Boltryu. What Sean forgot to tell Shannon was that he worked for some big shot corperation in Celadon called RusCorp and he planned to have her lead him straight for Boltryu and eventually the three dragons. "_Spunky lass won't know wha' hit 'er once I git t' the drsgon's lair_" Sean thought.

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> <p> What will happen to Shannon with her adventures with Sean? Will she find the dragon she has sought for most of her life or will he dreams be crushed under the foot of RusCorp? And what of Mike? Will he get Charmelizard? and who is the mysterious "savior"? Find out next time!<p>


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